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The Shape of Things

JAPAN'S FACE-SAVING MACHINERY WILL NO doubt have to work double shift to catch up with the curious reply of the Japanese government to our State Department's note of May 31. The United States had demanded that American property in Shanghai be returned to its owners and that American businessmen and missionaries be permitted to return to their stations in the lower Yangtze cities. The Japanese, in refusing the request, pointed out that "although Shanghai, Nanking, and other places may appear on the surface to be peaceful, actually . . . there are in concealment many individuals of dangerous character plotting conspiracies." The note also said that "notwithstanding strong protection and policing [for the Japanese living in Nanking] many instances have occurred in which such Japanese have met with misfortunes . . . at the hands of lawless Chinese." Thus the Japanese government itself confirms the opinion of many observers that Japan's hegemony in China, military as well as moral, extends only to the ends of its gun muzzles and that its sandbagged enclosures are precarious islands in a sea of chaos. Meanwhile the economic strain of carrying on the war is reflected in the news that a Japanese economic commission has urged the government to use its reserves of gold and specie to purchase raw materials abroad. Stalemate in China and poverty at home; that is Japan's immediate fate. The tragedy is that it is the Japanese poor who must tighten their belts to save the generals' faces; and the Chinese poor who must bear the brunt of an attack which cannot succeed but may take years to fail. For the sake of both peoples, popular pressure for an unofficial embargo on the sale of raw (read war) materials to Japan should be unremitting.

THE FIGHT OVER THE POWER ISSUE AT THE New York State constitutional convention merits national attention, for on its outcome may depend the future of the St. Lawrence waterways project. The Aluminum Company of America, straddling the border like a corporate colossus, its feet firmly planted at the best power sites on both the American and Canadian

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sides, is waging a behind-the-scenes battle to prevent inclusion in the new constitution of a provision declaring the power resources of the Niagara and the St. Lawrence inalienable. State Supreme Court Justice Charles Poletti, former secretary to Governor Lehman and spokesman for the American Labor Party on the floor of the convention, had narrowed his proposed amendment to include just these two rivers in an effort to make it more palatable but did not succeed in getting it past the Republican-controlled public utilities committee. His fight on the floor for discharge of the committee will probably prove ineffective. The Republicans have a majority in the convention and the Aluminum Company, linked as it is with the Niagara-Hudson-Consolidated Edison combine, which controls 90 per cent of the power output of the state, wields enormous influence. Should the Poletti proposal pass, the aluminum and power interests would have to come to terms with the state. Should it be defeated, their best strategy would be to continue their long fight against the St. Lawrence treaty until a reactionary state administration enables them to seize on these power resources for themselves. Two figures make it easier to understand what is at stake. It costs 85 cents for 36 kilowatt-hours of electricity at Niagara Falls, Ontario; $1.59, in Niagara Falls, New York. We leave it to the reader to guess which is public power, which private.

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IT IS EASY TO SATIRIZE THE FINAL HEADLINE from Evian: "Refugee Meeting Adopts Resolution." One instinctively questions the value of talks, subcommittees, bargains, and resolutions to the thousands without a country whose fate symbolizes the moral deterioration of an era. Yet the sober fact, considering the humiliating alternatives which exist, is that Evian projected a swift gleam of light across a desolate continent. A permanent international body has been established. It is fortified by the active participation of the United States government and the leadership of an American; its emergence marks the first organizational united front of the democracies. That Hitler resents these moves was evident in his attempts, through some of the small Nazi-influenced nations, to deflect the aim of the parley. That Mussolini is with him was demonstrated, whether by coincidence or not, in the sudden discovery at Rome that Italians are as Aryan as Nazis and that Italian Jews, of whom there are only 50,000, are not really Italians at all. Evian was a starting point. The ultimate fate of the committee's aspirations may rest in its ability to persuade Hitler that refugees should be allowed to take their possessions with them. This is the crucial problem of expediency. It is a tragic commentary on our time that the regime which made the Evian parley necessary may be able to destroy the faint image of human fraternity which that meeting has tried to resurrect.

WEIRTON, WEST VIRGINIA, IS A PARADISE for stoolpigeons, company unions, and strong-arm squads. The Weirton Steel Company runs the town (it has no local government), the banks, the newspaper. Needless to say, Weirton is one of the principal forts in Little Steel's Maginot line against unionism, and in Weirton's current battle against the NLRB, now in its eleventh month, the company has brought up all its reserves of legal talent, "loyal workers," and propaganda. The hearing, which has been held in Steubenville, Ohio, just across the river from Weirton, reached one of its climaxes on July 11, when Trial Examiner Edward Grandison Smith, who has been the target of an unprecedented campaign of slander on the part of the company and its allies, barred Clyde A. Armstrong, chief counsel of the company, from taking further part in the hearing, charging him with "defiant, contemptuous, and contumacious" behavior. Quick as a flash 3,000 members of the Weirton Employees Security League threatened a march on Steubenville to protest the partisanship of the board and testify to their happy lot as Weirton workers. The hearings were transferred to Pittsburgh and the march was abandoned, but on July 13 a crowd of 3,000 persons burned an effigy of Smith in Steubenville. As we go to press, the NLRB in Washington is planning to hear Mr. Armstrong's side in a public session. Meanwhile a town to rival Weirton has put itself on the map in California. On July 13, between 500 and 1,000 C. I. O. mill workers who were on strike against the Red River Lumber Company because of a wage cut of 17½ per cent were driven out of the town of Westwood by county authorities and deputized roughnecks. Stick another thumbtack in the map of communities where civil rights have been suspended—a map which ominously threatens to become overcrowded.

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FROM THE POPE COMES A PRONOUNCEMENT reminding the world that Catholic means universal and that "excessive nationalism" is repugnant to Catholicism. This announcement will afford dubious solace to the victims of General Franco's Vatican-blessed crusade, but it once more underlines the growing complexity of Vatican politics and the conflict of irreconcilable allegiances which must torment the faithful. Catholics have been summoned by their Church for a war against "international bolshevism"—a war in which they find themselves aligned with the most rampant and ecstatic nationalisms. At the same time they see Catholic children murdered in Barcelona, Catholic trade unionists arrested in Jersey City, Catholic missions bombed in China. It is an incongruous alliance: the most disciplined religious international bestowing its blessing upon the jingoists of all lands. The relationship is showing signs of inevitable strain. Events in Austria have demonstrated that fascism

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pays no debts of gratitude and the Pope's latest outcry may well be an expression of horror at the discovery. To interpret his declaration, however, as a foretaste of a new line would be emphatically premature. Vatican policy remains elusive and unpredictable, but whatever its temporary emphasis, it faces always the prospect of frustrating itself through its own inherent contradictions.

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WE ARE INDEBTED TO VICE CHANCELLOR Maja Leon Berry of New Jersey. Judges do not often blurt out profound truths. The judicial process is in many respects an elaborate technique for concealment, perfected and polished by centuries of use. Vice Chancellor Berry forbade the distribution of circulars by the Furniture Workers' Union and met head-on the argument that to do so was an infringement of free speech. He declared that free speech was only a privilege, "a qualified constitutional right" inferior to such "inherent" and "absolute" rights as that of "acquiring and possessing and protecting property." Technically the Vice Chancellor is all wrong. From the abolition of primogeniture and entail to the latest zoning ordinance, our legislative history is the story of successive limitations on property rights. The Supreme Court, speaking through Justice Brandeis in the Lauf case, has identified the right to picket and agitate in labor disputes with the right of free speech and given it the protection of the Constitution. The liberal tendency is to hold, in the words of a famous decision of the New York Court of Appeals by the late Justice Cardozo, that "property, like every other social institution, has a social function to perform." But as a realistic description of the law, the Vice Chancellor's view is truthful enough to be disturbing. The Fathers did not forget to put the impairment-of-obligations clause in the Constitution, but they had to be prodded into including a bill of rights. The Supreme Court, from that early day when it appealed to an unwritten higher law to validate the Yazoo land frauds in Georgia, has been more ingenious and tender in its concern for propertied than for human rights. Instinctively property comes first in our basic thinking. It is accepted as natural in a depression that workers should be laid off, though they starve. While our ethics recognizes no moral obligation to pay an idle worker, it dictates the maintenance of interest on idle capital to the very brink of bankruptcy.

*

IN THE *ATLANTIC MONTHLY* THE ELDERLY Ellery Sedgwick continues his celebration of sunny Nationalist Spain and calls the notorious Queipo de Llano the "patron saint of Andalusia"! Poor Ellery! That at his time of life he should have fallen victim to such a snare andalusian.

Eyes on 1940

LAST week we expressed the opinion that President Roosevelt's recent barnstorming trip was something of a Chautauqua course in progressive social theory, that he appeared intent on selling a program rather than a slate of Democratic candidates for Congress. But if he spread light from Ohio to California, he also spread no little sweetness. The "purge" has been allowed almost to peter out and an elaborate code of graduated approval —with candidates designated as "friend," "old friend," and "dear old friend," according to the degree of White House enthusiasm for their respective nominations—has been worked out to avoid the least show of bitterness.

This placatory mood cannot be due to any feeling that Roosevelt is losing his hold on the mass of voters; the trip has been one long negation of that fond hope of the President's foes, and the high enthusiasm with which he has been received is further substantiated by *Fortune* and Gallup polls, which show that his popularity is again on the upswing. Even his hint of support for Elmer Thomas in Oklahoma was enough to win that Senator's nomination, although a victory for Gomer Smith, the breast-thumping Townsendite, had been considered almost inevitable. If Roosevelt had decided in every case to carry the fight to the camp of those who had opposed his program, there is little doubt that he could have picked most of them off. That in general he chose not to do so is not a confession of weakness in 1938 but an indication that 1940 is very much in his thoughts. This does not mean that he has decided to go gunning for a third term—we doubt whether he has made up his mind about another four years for himself—but it is evidence that he is determined to fight for an extension of his policies when his present term expires.

If the President appears to be rushing matters, the hurry is not of his making. If anything, he is a little late in getting started—because his enemies have long been at work. It is four months before even the midterm congressional elections, yet the country is already absorbed in the struggle for the Roosevelt succession. Favorite-son booms have been launched for Paul McNutt and Pat Harrison; a bitterly determined "stop Roosevelt" movement has gained considerable headway in the Senate; and the most careful groundwork is being laid by Vice President Garner to make himself a controlling power at the convention. If he doesn't actually seek the nomination himself, "Cactus Jack" is determined to see that no New Dealer gets it. He is known to look with favor on Senator Clark of Missouri. Another favorite son of the anti-New Deal Democrats is Byrd of Virginia, and even the one-time progressive Wheeler is reported to be eyeing himself as a compromise candidate.

More disconcerting than Garner's determination to fight to the death, which after all has been crystal clear

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ever since the struggle to reorganize the Supreme Court, is the growing impression that Jim Farley is more than passingly annoyed with his chief for the projected party purge, that he has serious vice-presidential hopes, and that he is on such warm terms with the crafty Texan that a Garner-Farley ticket is not beyond the range of possibility.

It is against the background of these intra-party cabals and ambitions that Roosevelt's conciliatory approach must be viewed. Crowds and cheers are all very well, but the New Deal candidate who faces the next Democratic convention will need delegates. The Garners, the McNutts, and the Byrds are recruiting theirs. Working solely within the framework of the Democratic Party, the President has no choice but to follow suit.

"Realism" in Extremis

GENERAL war may not come within the next few months in Europe. But it is clear that a new crisis is in the making and that the powers are scrambling for positions of safety and advantage. In Czechoslovakia events are rapidly moving toward a showdown. The terms of the nationalities statutes have not been submitted to parliament or officially made public. But a long dispatch in the New York *Times* by Emil Lengyel gives a detailed and apparently authorized summary of their terms. If his forecast is correct the Czechs have gone far to meet the demands of their major minorities. The plan creates separate diets for the German and Hungarian groups and wide powers of local self-government; it provides for the official use within the sections designated of the language of the majority; it provides for proportional representation in the national parliament, and for a great increase in minority representation in public offices. It seems to be a carefully considered compromise between out-and-out autonomy—which would create a little dictatorship within the democratic Czechoslovak state and ultimately lead to Sudeten secession—and the present system, which provides the minorities with representation in the national parliament but no separate legislative organs.

That this is a liberal proposal no one but a Nazi would deny, but events in Germany and the Sudeten region make it clear that the Nazis intend to deny it—how violently and how uncompromisingly remains to be seen. A general strike in the Sudeten is threatened—following consultations in Germany between Henlein and Hitler; and the German press has been enjoying a new orgy of lies and denunciations of the Czech government, an orgy so unrestrained that Prague was impelled to make an official protest.

The situation is so threatening that Daladier last week renewed again his pledge of aid to Czechoslovakia in case of invasion. It can hardly be doubted that his speech was really addressed to Germany and Great Britain. Scarcely concealed under his words expressing hope of a peaceful solution was a clear warning to Germany that it must not go too far, and to Britain that Central Europe is not to be abandoned to German expansion. Secret exchange of news between Daladier and Chamberlain has been under way this past week.

Meanwhile the war in Spain has moved into its third ghastly year. Against all odds the Loyalists have survived. Their territory is divided and diminished but their numbers and spirit are as great as ever. It is clear, though, that they cannot endure if they are finally sold out by the British. And the chance of a sell-out grows as the general crisis deepens. Mussolini wants the British-Italian pact put into effect; so does Chamberlain; but the event waits upon a "settlement" of some sort in Spain, and the Spanish Loyalists refuse to facilitate matters by surrender or defeat. Obviously, if this condition cannot be met it must be got around; the Prime Minister will almost certainly find a formula of evasion as soon as Parliament is out of the way next week. He may accept a small "token" withdrawal of Italian troops or he may merely surrender and put forward the need of appeasement as his excuse. This will occasion a political storm; but realistic observers on the spot offer no hope of a Cabinet upset within the next few months.

Chamberlain's policy is heading toward a collapse which may also be a catastrophe. Czechoslovakia and Spain have declined to give themselves to the dictators, Mussolini has grown impatient and threatening, France shows increasing signs of independence, Eden is becoming almost as disagreeable as Churchill, and war seems closer than before the advent of "realism." Was the last feeble hope of collective action wiped out to the end that Europe might stumble into a new war waged solely for the defense of nationalist aims and the protection of boundaries?

This quite evidently appears to be a possibility, even to Chamberlain himself. He is hedging to cover his bets; forced to recognize the probable breakdown of a program of collaboration with outlaws, he is planning for the day when his fellow-conspirators turn upon him, strengthened for combat by the material and moral support he has given them. Chamberlain has let it be known that new steps are being taken to protect the British position. Arms are being offered to Portugal in large amounts and on easy terms, and an attempt is being made to counter German propaganda in that country. Gibraltar is at last to be fortified against attack from Algeciras and Ceuta. Bombers are to be built in Canada. And presumably the scandalous mess in Britain's armament program will be mopped up. With a new energy the British government is getting ready to fight the war its policy has made inevitable. Thus "realism" approaches its realistic culmination.

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No. 1 Economic Problem

WHEN the President, speaking before the conference of Southern spokesmen called by the National Emergency Council, nominated the South as our "No. 1 economic problem" he was stating an obvious and important fact which must be clear even to the opposition. When he urged the conference to draft a statement of economic conditions in the area in order that something might be done about them, even his supporters were constrained to wonder how many reports on the economic conditions of the South must roll over the desk of this Administration before an adequate solution is even proposed.

The art of politics is long, and no doubt it is a sign of progress that while one of the earliest Administration reports on the sharecroppers of southeastern Arkansas was never allowed to see the light, a government film "The River," most graphic presentation so far of the natural and human tragedy that haunts one of the richest valleys in the world, has been widely shown throughout the country. In the interim too the sharecropper, No. 1 victim of the economic plight of the South, has become one of our leading pictorial heroes. Yet the fact remains that it is the sharecropper who has shared least in the benefits of what has so far been done. For we do not mean to imply that nothing has been done. We do mean that no adequate, direct attack has as yet been made on the central problem of the South, that of farm tenancy. TVA has lighted up a goodly section of the Southern darkness but it is primarily a power project. AAA, though it injured the cotton trade, raised the income of Southern landlords; but it acted as a catalyst to quicken the bankruptcy of sharecropping and actually caused the eviction of thousands of destitute tenants.

To the conference at which President Roosevelt spoke, there was presented for discussion a tentative report, compiled from government sources, extraordinarily comprehensive and, like all the others that had gone before it, alive with paradoxes. We have not space even to summarize its findings, but it is almost enough to state its central tragic theme: "The South, which is one of our wealthiest sections, is at the same time the poorest."

That theme is fast becoming a national dirge, for the President was eminently right in saying that the South's problem is the nation's liability. The great question is whether the New Deal can or will solve it. The solution, since it must be drastic, carries the political risk of breaking the Solid South. One of the most encouraging aspects of the President's political tour was his apparent willingness to take that risk. It would seem to indicate that he has realized that the economic liability of a Solid South that is already broke grows steadily more serious for the New Deal and for the nation.

The Yahoos of Yaphank

THE trial of the Nazi directors of Camp Siegfried at Yaphank, run by the German Volksbund, marks the beginning of a new stage in the movement against Hitler's Fifth Column in America. There may be some liberals who will be disturbed by the action of the Long Island jury and judge in convicting and sentencing the camp directors for their violation of a New York statute. The jury was convinced, on hearing the testimony of a former Bund member and other witnesses, that the Bund required an oath of allegiance to Hitler, and held the defendants guilty of non-compliance with the law requiring the filing of membership lists with the state. What will disturb some liberals is the possibility that prosecuting the Nazis on technical grounds may prove dangerous—that it is a weapon whose point can be turned against the left as well.

We recognize the danger but we are not convinced by the argument. We do not see how the jury and judge could have acted other than as they did. This was not a case of dragging out a law and using it for purposes completely different from those originally intended. The law was passed in 1923 with the Ku Klux Klan in mind —to meet the threat of political organizations operating under a secret oath. It specifically exempts labor unions. The Volksbund is the Klan in Nazi dress, and the verdict seems to us justified. There is no question of civil liberties here and liberals need waste no sympathy on the Yahoos of Yaphank.

At the same time we consider such statutes as the one invoked in the Yaphank case far from adequate as a defense against the Nazi menace. And while we feel that the verdict was entirely justified we should prefer more direct legislation to combat the Nazis—legislation which would distinguish, above all, between organizations that operate through the political processes and those that don uniforms and practice military drill. From such legislation, the progressive movement can have nothing to fear. If progressivism is to have a future in this country, it must be open and aboveboard, it must be scrupulous about civil liberties, it must be basically American, and it must stay away from military force.

The aim of the Nazis in America is to smash our democratic processes. Whether the requirement of the oath of allegiance be continued or not, the Nazi movement here is an integral part of the German Nazi movement. It uses its ideology, its tactics, its brutality. If the Volksbund has an economic and political program, it must be accorded the liberty of propagandizing it. But the methods it uses must be the regular methods of writing and speaking, and not the setting up of semi-military establishments and private armies and the creation of a state within a state.

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That Third Term

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 18

"IS HE going to run again?" It is the question which Washington correspondents hear oftener than all others combined, and ducking it has become embarrassing. Although it is unlikely that anyone, including Roosevelt, knows the answer now, it is possible to arrive at some sort of a general reckoning. This must start from the assumption that what he desires most is the continuation of his policies, and especially his reforms. If he were satisfied that this end would be achieved through the nomination and election of another man he would certainly retire at the end of his present term. But what man? There's the rub. To fill the bill he must fit three ironclad specifications: be able to get the nomination, be able to win the election, and be a proven New Dealer, warranted not to fade, shrink, or give.

Taking the tests in reverse order, the third presents little difficulty. Harold Ickes, Robert Jackson, and Henry Wallace are all equipped to carry on where Roosevelt leaves off—and some of us suspect that Fiorello La Guardia might do even better. As for the second, assuming that public sentiment does not change greatly in the next two years, I believe that any nominee enjoying Roosevelt's unqualified endorsement and support would be an odds-on favorite to win the election. I say that with full knowledge that Old Deal Democrats might bolt the ticket. It is therefore ironical that the main obstacle should be the nomination. With Roosevelt firmly established as the most popular leader of the Democratic Party since Andrew Jackson, it remains highly questionable whether he can prevail upon the Democratic national convention to nominate a man of his choice. Among the four I have named, Wallace is the only one who would seem to stand a ghost of a chance, and his chance would be ghostly indeed. Consequently, if Roosevelt is confronted in 1940 with the same condition which exists today I believe he will feel irresistibly constrained to run again. Would he win? It would be just another cakewalk for him, and the people who most fear a third term would have their own stupidity to thank for it.

If you detect a lugubrious and slightly surprised tone in the dispatches describing the triumphal character of the parade to the Pacific, put it down to the fact that the writers know how their publishers feel on the subject. Most of the reporters on that trip are old hands who knew before they left Washington that the President's popularity was undiminished. Most of them saw the same scenes last September. However, they were entitled to be puzzled by something then, and the cause of their perplexity has emerged again on the present trip. In traversing Texas, Oklahoma, and Nevada the President proclaimed his "water consciousness" and reiterated his determination to provide irrigation for arid lands. During the same week Secretary Wallace, recognizing the prospect of a bumper wheat crop which had sent futures prices tumbling, advanced the possibility of reducing acreage by fully one-third!

During the preceding presidential swing through the West we visited the Grand Coulee and Fort Peck dams and heard Mr. Roosevelt discourse happily on the plans for bringing millions of new acres under cultivation. Yet on the return trip we learned that a special session of Congress would be called to deal with the farm surplus problem! The incongruity seemed so glaring that, during a free-swinging press conference which signalized the end of the tour at Hyde Park, I pointedly called attention to it. The President replied that the new lands were to be settled by farmers unable to make a living on their present homesteads. More mystified than ever, I ventured to ask whether the transfer of families from poor farms to good farms would not aggravate the problem of surpluses. The answer was simply and barely: "I don't think so." True, there was some talk about planting the new acres to crops in which no surpluses exist. Unfortunately, they were not named, and I have since been unable to ascertain the identity of the farm products of which there is a shortage which may be grown in those areas. There are many things about the New Deal which defy common understanding. But you can always take comfort in remembering what Hoover did and picturing what Vandenberg probably would do.

Some ominous signs may be discerned in connection with the forthcoming investigation of monopoly. Not the least disturbing of these is a pious expression of hope from Joe O'Mahoney, chairman of the investigating committee, that those alluding to it will avoid use of the words "investigation" and "monopoly." He would have it known as "a broad study of economic conditions." It would appear that Joe, a perennial challenger for the light heavyweight championship of the Senate, is too grateful over his new and unexpected prominence to risk hurting anyone's feelings by the use of rough language. The impression deepens that if this is to be anything more than a hollow show it will be due to the efforts of such executive branch members as Douglas and Frank of the S. E. C., Arnold of Justice, and Lubin of Labor. Except for Borah, who is old and ill, the congressional representatives draw very little water.

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Incidentally, the Brookings Institution executed a neat bit of timing last week when it released a 314-page "study" of "Industrial Price Policies and Economic Progress." Under its ponderously academic title the "study" actually is a rousing defense of the monopolistic practices which finally provoked the congressional demand for an investigation. Artfully confusing the issue of competition with the phenomenon of bigness, it is full of irrelevant encomiums on the advantages of mass production and industrial research. It sounds like nothing so much as a radio broadcast sponsored by General Electric or the du Ponts. Give ear to this: "The competition among pigmies, which some are eager to try to restore, is puny by comparison. Competition is quite as keen and much more productive of results when we find industrial giants marshaling their mighty resources to perfect new techniques and new schemes of organization through whose use more and better goods may be put within reach of the masses."

Compare this stentorian bombast with the fact that up to a month ago the price of steel for building supplies was $7 a ton higher than at the peak of 1929. Compare it with the evidence at the Madison oil trial, which demonstrated conclusively that sixteen of the larger companies conspired to fix the price of gasoline in ten states—and in so doing drove hundreds of independent jobbers out of business. Compare it with a twenty-five per cent rise in the price of newsprint at the depth of the recession. Compare it with the fact that the Procurement Division of the Treasury has received from "competing" corporations dozens of bids which were identical down to the third decimal place. The authors of this "study" had heard of the Aluminum Company of America: apparently they never heard of the "pigmies" which ventured to compete with it. They are positive that a monopoly in aluminum articles is not only non-existent but impossible. Why? Because if aluminum were too high, a substitute would be found! It must be nice to be a research economist with an objective viewpoint and a solid endowment.

Czech Patchwork

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

Prague, July 4

THE GERMAN press misses no opportunity to point out to the world that Czechoslovakia is not a state at all but a patchwork. At the same time it is equally emphatic in championing the rights of the "purely German" Sudeten area. But after a trip through that region I am convinced that the Sudeten is as much a patchwork as the rest of the country. Britain's Cliveden set may proclaim the rights of minorities, but if they force a union of Sudetenland with Germany, they will have succeeded only in creating another minority problem—and a particularly bitter one.

I left Prague by car on Sunday, June 12, a municipal election day in large parts of the country, including the Sudeten. With me was the correspondent of a Swiss paper and a Czech chauffeur. We were headed for Dux, where the Czechs and Germans were mixed in equal proportions, and Bodenbach, where German Social Democrats were waging a bitter fight with extreme Henleinists. We were looking for trouble.

Thirty kilometers out of Prague we discovered the first evidences of war preparation—and the last. In a field beside the road we saw soldiers heaping tree branches on a painted, camouflaged blockhouse with loopholes for artillery. We could make out a dozen of these little mounds in a straight line disappearing in the distance over a hill. Here was perhaps one of the last of the famous five lines of defense which the Czechs have built against the possibility of German invasion. The rest of the day, even though we approached quite near the frontier, we saw no more. Along the border the Czech Maginot line is artfully concealed.

Through this country of intensive farming—of hops, mustard seed, wheat, geese, pigs—lay numerous little Czech villages. Old men stood in doorways smoking meerschaum pipes, old women tended herds of geese in the back yards, young girls in peasant costume lingered around a church door talking to husky farm boys. The red, white, and blue Czech flag fluttered from the town hall in welcome to President Benes, who was to visit this area during the day. The German villages are as a rule neater and more modern than the Czech. The Czechs are farmers, the Germans are mostly factory employees or workers in cottage industries. In one village we saw two new school buildings side by side—the larger German, the smaller Czech. In a nearby village the roles were reversed. If this was a good sample of Prague's impartiality with nationalities, Henlein has few grounds for his complaints.

We stopped in Dux, right in front of the huge Bohemian castle of the counts of Wallenstein, where the "great lover" Casanova spent his last years and wrote his extraordinary memoirs. On a wall right outside of this eighteenth-century relic was a placard listing townspeople

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who had volunteered to learn how to drive automobiles and who could be called on by the army for motorized service. The people in the cobble-stoned market-place and around the ancient baroque church displayed racial characteristics of both Czechs and Germans. In fact, we couldn't tell which was which. Stopping one man who looked like a Slav, we found he was a German with a Czech name. My companion told me that the Sudeten Germans were a mixed race, with a heavy portion of Slav blood. Henlein's mother, in fact, was a Czech, whose maiden name was Dvoracek. The former head of the German Social Democratic Party was Dr. Czech, and Benes's opponent in the last presidential election was Dr. Nemec, whose name in Czech means "German." A large number of the Henlein deputies in Parliament bear Czech names, and looking over one Henlein voting list of councilors I discovered six Czech names out of twenty. I have been informed that if Hitler applied his racial test to the Sudeten Germans he would find only about one million "pures" out of the boasted three and a quarter million.

from l'Humanité

Konrad Henlein

Dux is surrounded by coal mines, many of which had formerly supplied the Austrian market and have been idle since the Anschluss—which is one reason why many unemployed Germans flocked to Henlein's standard. Outside the town we saw a porcelain factory and then a hide factory, but when we passed over a hill the whole panorama suddenly changed. For miles, scattered through ultra-green farming country, lay little towns, each with a factory chimney. It reminded me of the area around Manchester, England, or northern New Jersey—only neater, greener, more rural. Here was spread before our eyes the basic economic difference between the industrial Sudetens and the agrarian Czechs.

In Toeplice, largely German, most of the houses flew Henlein banners—bright red and bearing the initials S. D. P. (Sudeten Deutsche Partei). Large portraits of the Sudeten Führer were numerous, as were banners reading "Every German votes German" and "One Race, One Will, One Leader." The Czech driver laughed at the latter. He said that in Marienbad, the watering place in Sudetenland, which has lost a lot of tourist business because of the disorders, the German Social Democrats have raised the counter-slogan, "One Race, One Will, One Customer."

From Toeplice to Bodenbach we passed through numerous little manufacturing towns, so closely set together that they might have made one municipality. These are the sort of towns which make, either in factories or in cottage industry, the various trinkets which are sold in British India and South America—false diamonds, false pearls, artificial flowers, little glass ornaments of all kinds. In northern Bohemia, in Jablonece, this industry reaches great proportions, and it has been hard hit. One bank bulletin which I read said, "The export of bracelets and pearls to India has stopped because of the increase in prices." The resulting unemployment of Sudetens has had no small share in the electoral success of Henlein.

Here is a town of 24,000 people who make 130 different products. In 1931 the Nazis founded a party in Bodenbach and won the elections. The government suppressed the party as disloyal and appointed a German Social Democrat, Dr. Kestler, as burgomaster and a German Catholic Party head as assistant burgomaster. On the election day we visited Bodenbach. It was expected that the Henlein party, which had sprung from the ashes of the suppressed Nazi party, would beat Dr. Kestler. I wanted to talk to both sides. We went to the town hall and asked to see the burgomaster first.

Dr. Kestler received us in his office. He told us that the town had only 300 unemployed, who had been put to work on municipal relief projects. The town under his administration had enforced a forty-hour week, relief for the aged, favorable wage contracts with industries, six weeks' vacation in the country for all poor children, and similar social measures. While he was reciting his progress an excited young man, the Catholic assistant burgomaster, broke into the room. He said that news had spread of the arrival of foreign journalists and that the Henlein leaders wanted to tell their story. This Catholic official, it seems, had himself recently joined the Henlein party. Dr. Kestler yielded the floor to the delegation of Henleinists who filed in—the leader of the Henlein candidates, Mr. Keissl, a lawyer; Senator Tchakert; Dr. Ohmeyer, the Gauleiter, or district leader, of the party, in full storm-troop regalia—army jacket, black knickerbockers, and storm-troop cap; and a little wine-shop operator who had formerly lived in New York and who spoke English. I asked what their grievances against the administration of Burgomaster Kestler were. What they said illuminated for me the whole spirit and nature of the Henlein movement.

They replied that their grievances were under two heads—the town theater and the policy of the burgomaster with regard to municipal employees. These were all, for they acknowledged the merits of his social administration. "We do not like the way the theater has been run," said candidate Keissl. "For one thing, they have a Jew as director" (I discovered later that the Jew

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was only a scenery painter), "and for another they produce plays of a liberal, international character which are offensive to our German race ideas."

"Liberal, international," I repeated, looking to the former American for enlightenment. "You know," I said, "that 'liberal' and 'international' are not bad words in New York." The little shopkeeper (he had once run a delicatessen in East 39th Street) agreed, looked very embarrassed, and murmured, "You see, they have different ideas in this country." After some questioning I discovered that the play to which the Henleinists took particular exception was "The Power and the Glory" by Karel Capek, a pacifist work.

"Now as to the administration," proceeded the Henlein candidate; "the burgomaster has employed five Czechs in the municipal administration." "How many municipal employees are there in all?" "Two hundred and fifty," replied Mr. Keissl. "And what is the proportion of Czechs in the population?" "About 15 per cent." "In other words," I summed up, "the municipal administration has 2 per cent Czech employees, while the city has 15 per cent Czech population?" "Yes," replied Keissl, and the German storm trooper thrust his face into mine with an expression of hatred and fanaticism as he proclaimed that no Czech should be employed in the administration. That was in their program.

When I protested that the Czechs seemed to have got the worst of it, the American Henleinist explained in a soothing way that after all the Prague government employed very few Germans on the railroads and the Henleinists wanted to correct this condition. He said the election was fought not on local issues but on national issues. But since the German Social Democrat, also a deputy in Parliament, was working for more Germans in the railroads, I failed to see the point. "We cannot live with the Czechs," the Gauleiter cried, exasperated. "But," I said, addressing the former American, who began to look rather uncomfortable, "you know that in America the various races have learned to live in peace. They intermarry—" "No," cut in the senator, "we Germans will never permit our good German blood to be mixed with that of Czechs."

I shifted the questioning. I asked the Henlein candidate if he believed in the principles of the Nazi party in Germany. This candidate (who I found was Czech on his mother's side and who spoke rather poor German) answered promptly, "Yes." "And you want union with Germany?" Again an affirmative. "But how about this autonomy demand of yours?" "We will accept autonomy temporarily because of the general European situation, but in the end we wish to go to Germany." Clear enough. But when I began to ask the candidate if he opposed democracy and wanted a totalitarian state, the American Henleinist hastily arose, made an excuse, and departed. Candidate Keissl, however, stuck to his guns, said he did not want the democracy which Czechoslovakia and the United States enjoyed, but preferred the "true democracy" of National Socialist Germany.

Later I talked to the little wine-shop man as one New Yorker to another. Relieved of the presence of the storm trooper, he was a little more explanatory. "You see," he said, "we have had very bad times here in the past few years; the factories have been shut down or running part time. The people have no money to buy things; many have been out of work. That's the reason these people object to the preponderance of Czechs in such lines as the railroads. If the factories were running, the Germans here would much rather work in them than on the railroads. Formerly Germans wouldn't take such jobs, and so the Czechs have occupied them for the past fifteen years. Economic? Yes, that's the real cause. Union with Germany? Well, a lot of the people want it; they go across the border and find all the factories working. It's true that they have poor bread over there and no butter—but here they have no money to buy good bread and butter. There's not much difference." Then, as if remembering the Gauleiter, "Of course we Germans can never get on with the Czechs. We believe in our race." When I said good-by he seemed relieved to part with me. He was evidently scared to death of the Gauleiter, of the boycott, which he admitted was rigidly enforced against Germans who did not support Henlein, of the danger of war.

In short, economic depression has given the Nazis the power to exploit these people. To the unemployed, they preach race hatred and the principles of the totalitarian state. They stir up race prejudice among the shopkeepers, and those who are reluctant to yield to preposterous racial theories have to bend before the boycott and threats of force. The momentum of this wave of feeling is strong, and even if prosperity returns I doubt if the Sudeten Henleinists will be able to adjust themselves to union with the Czechs.

Perhaps the solution which seems most reasonable in far-off America is, "Let them unite with Germany." But that would simply create a minority of Czechs, who cling firmly to democracy, within the confines of a totalitarian Germany, to say nothing of a considerable proportion—much larger than the 10 per cent which the election results showed—of anti-Nazi Germans. In some towns of this area German Social Democrats in reality make up from 30 to 40 per cent of the population. In many towns, because of intimidation, the party could find no members with courage enough to run for office. In others, where there were a few Social Democratic candidates, the party showed a poll large enough to elect many more. And in still others small groups of Communists and German Catholics hold out against the Nazis. Making a rough estimate of all figures and guesses, I would

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suggest that at least one-third of the Sudeten Germans do not want union with Germany. In spite of this, the Prague government would probably sacrifice this minority and turn over a large part of the Sudeten to Germany were it not for their expensive Maginot line along the border. This line, it must be remembered, is part of the system of alliances and collective security arrangements built up by Russia and France, and recently supported by Britain. Thus the patchwork of local minorities combines with the demands of international power politics to make the whole question of Czechoslovakia apparently insoluble.

Watch Paul McNutt

BY JOSEPH H. FRIEND

INDIANA'S notoriously hard-boiled politics has not for years produced a figure so uniting the gifts of art and nature as Paul Vories McNutt, present High Commissioner to the Philippines. Comparing Handsome Paul to such quondam ornaments of Hoosier public life as Ku Klux Kleagle Stephenson and the paunchy Jim Watson, one can understand why the Democratic state machine last week unanimously endorsed him for the 1940 presidential nomination, and why even the liberal Senator Minton so fervently calls him "a natural."

McNutt is not only a successful realistic politician; he is also a former dean of the University of Indiana's Law School, a colonel of reserve artillery, and an ex-national commander of the American Legion. Now in his forty-eighth year, he is still athletic in appearance, and has a head that is extraordinary and valuably photogenic. With the silver hair so celebrated by his press agents go a silver tongue and what Governor Allred of Texas happily terms a "radiant personality." Old-timers in Indiana will tell you that no such orator has charmed the Hoosiers since the great Beveridge. Add to these talents and charms the labors of a publicity staff with the bold hand of Hollywood, and the strategic capacities of lieutenants like the devoted Senator Minton and Frank McHale, Indiana's Democratic National Committeeman, and you clearly have a strong contender for 1940.

The longer one scrutinizes McNutt's record the more dangerous seem his aspirations—in more than one sense. He is far more than a clothes-horse with a classic profile and a gift of oratory, professing pious devotion to the President and the New Deal. His years of Legion politics and his experience as ruthless commander of a rubber-stamp legislature in Indiana during the hectic period of 1932-36 have schooled him in varied ways. He has administrative ability of a high order, self-discipline, great physical energy. He can be flatteringly affable and sharply arrogant. He is shrewd, and knows his political timing, though he has made one or two mistakes. He appears to have a sense of spectacle and a finger for the sensitive areas in the popular consciousness.

McNutt was born in 1891, went to the public schools, and took his A.B. at Indiana University, where he was Phi Beta Kappa, a leading light in the R.O.T.C., and a campus politician of parts. He got his LL.B. at Harvard in 1916 (he had been admitted to the Indiana bar in 1914). Returning to Indiana University, he at once became assistant professor of law and at twenty-eight was a full professor. When the United States entered the war, Paul McNutt was commissioned captain, then major, then lieutenant colonel of reserve artillery; he never fought, but enjoyed his uniforms and titles at a Texas camp. Shortly after the war it was Colonel McNutt. (Hoosiers quote a tribute from a political opponent: "Paul V. McNutt—a lawyer, a soldier, and a teacher—a lawyer who never tried a case, a soldier who never fought a battle, and a teacher who always comes late to class.") Soon after the war he was made dean of the Indiana Law School. He was now ready for bigger things.

Indiana politics had been in the grip of the Republicans for years. McNutt was a Young Democrat. He got himself elected commander of the local Burton Woolery Post of the American Legion. There were a lot of other Young Democrats in the Legion, veterans who wanted to play politics. Paul McNutt was their man. In 1927 they made him commander of the Indiana Department of the Legion; in 1928 they went down to the Legion national convention in Texas, and in the hot hotel rooms reeking with whiskey and cigar smoke they lined up the boys and put Paul over on the third ballot as national commander. Now they were getting somewhere. A group of Young Democrats in a state where the Republicans had been gorging themselves on pork for long years, they made the Legion their training-school and springboard.

The state Capitol in Indianapolis is five minutes from the Legion national headquarters. McNutt and his aides-de-camp prepared the strategy for the journey. Legion officers are not supposed to be engaged in party politics. So the national commander practiced up on his speech-making. He flew back and forth across the country, talking preparedness and Americanism and the care of disabled veterans. He was a Methodist, a Mason, an

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Elk, a Kiwanian, a Rotarian, a dean, a professor, a colonel, and still he was a regular guy. Paul McNutt made a hit among the legionnaires everywhere he went.

As retiring national commander he led a delegation of veterans to France to visit the battlefields, obtained the cross of the French Legion of Honor, and made a lot more speeches. When he came back to Indiana he found the boys making ready for the Great Change. Tom Taggart, the old warhorse who had led the Hoosier Democrats through fat years and lean, was dead, the party had taken a licking in 1928 when Hoover prosperity still ran high, and the Young Democrats of the Legion were polishing up their knives for 1930.

They made McNutt keynoter of the Democratic state convention in 1930. The crash of 1929 had already given him his cue: "We have met," he declaimed, "to prepare for a change in government." That fall, for the first time in sixteen years, Indiana went Democratic from secretary of state down. The McNutt crowd knew their way about now. They broke the backs of opposing factions in the party in the next two years, and in the 1932 Democratic state convention they put Paul over for governor with even less trouble than they had in San Antonio in 1928. In November of that year the great Roosevelt landslide carried almost every kind of Democrat into office everywhere, even those who, like Frank McHale, McNutt's campaign manager, had made the mistake of not being for Roosevelt before Chicago.

Now it was Governor McNutt. He surveyed his new domain. He saw failing banks, bread lines, unemployed demonstrations, closing schools and unpaid teachers, hopeless farmers, bankrupt little businessmen, smoldering miners and steelworkers. The tools he had to work with were old and rusty and cumbersome—an unwieldy state machine shot through with corruption and inefficiency, a big state deficit, a property tax fast approaching zero. But he had a tremendous Democratic majority in both houses of the legislature, and a general staff carried over from the Legion who knew their business. He went to work right away.

Without waiting for the constitutional time McNutt herded together the General Assembly. It was a caucus making laws, and McNutt ran the caucus. Bill after bill was ground out, read, and passed with mechanical precision under suspension of the rules. For sixty-one days McNutt's rubber-stamp legislature clicked out its laws. Roosevelt's Congress had not yet convened. McNutt's machine led the country in pace and thoroughness. During the 1933 session 292 acts and resolutions had come out of the Indiana General Assembly; the 1935 session yielded 352. Paul McNutt made over the whole state government. He reorganized the 169 state bureaus and departments into 8, and he made every state officer he could appointive by the governor, including the attorney general. The opposition press cried "dictator"; McNutt's crowd pointed to $2,000,000 annually saved by the reorganization.

Like a sensible politician, McNutt legalized beer right away, before Congress got to it. He did this with a liquor-control act that enabled him to reward some of the faithful by giving them port-of-entry fiefs by which alone beer from such alien territories as Michigan and Wisconsin could be brought into Indiana for sale—at any price the port-of-entry suzerains saw fit to charge. Another measure was the famous gross-income-tax law, which levied a 1 per cent tax on the gross business of retailers and the incomes of individuals making over $1,000 a year, and one-fourth of 1 per cent on the gross income of manufacturers and wholesalers. There was stormy opposition from the small retailers and the Republicans, who made the act a campaign issue in 1936. But the gross-income tax has brought into the state coffers over $8,000,000 a year since 1934, and together with automobile licenses, liquor, and other taxes has balanced the budget. When McNutt came into office Indiana had a deficit in the general fund of more than $3,400,000; when he left there was a balance of more than $10,000,000.

To McNutt's credit it should be said that his taxes saved the schools of the state, which were in a pitiable condition when he assumed office. For this many educators and progressive intellectuals in Indiana are willing to champion him, despite his imposition of martial law in Terre Haute and his dictatorial tendencies. They remember that Paul McNutt read the legislature a lesson on the need to keep the schools open, and paid more money from the state funds to maintain teachers' salaries than any of his predecessors had done.

Economy and efficiency were McNutt's strong points. He practiced them on the unemployed as well as on the state governmental machine. As the editor of the Democratic *Hoosier Sentinel* put it: "It was the Governor's Commission on Unemployment Relief . . . which was made responsible for administering to the urgent needs of 100,000 destitute Indiana families. So efficiently was this work organized to eliminate waste, extravagance, and duplication of relief distribution that Indiana's per capita costs were the lowest in the nation." McNutt's supporters add that the pay of Indiana WPA workers was set at 30 cents an hour, and that work relief was not "made so attractive as to deter workers from taking private employment when available."

While he was doing all this the Governor was busily making speeches, consolidating his party machine, undermining and blowing up rival factions within the Democratic camp. While Franklin Roosevelt made radio fireside chats, Paul McNutt talked to his Hoosiers in sonorous and persuasive tones every week over a state network. Franklin Roosevelt talked progress and security and the responsibilities of his stewardship. So did Paul

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McNutt. McNutt talked New Deal, too, just as hard as he could. But somehow it didn't get across. McNutt's policies and the New Deal could not altogether be identified, try as his henchmen might. The leading New Dealers were obviously cool toward the ambitious man from the banks of the Wabash. Farley obviously had no love for him. When McNutt turned his tidied-up, debt-free, powerful state machine over to his own hand-picked candidate, the slow-voiced, heavy-set farmer Townsend, in 1936, it had become a good deal clearer why McNutt's New Deal talk sounded a little hollow. If you said "McNutt" to a coal miner in Sullivan County, a factory hand in Vigo County, almost any union man anywhere in the state, he would look at you, and his face would grow hard; he might spit or let loose a few forceful epithets.

Paul McNutt knew a lot of things, from law to the Legion, and he was very clever and resourceful about a lot of things. But he maintained martial law in the Sullivan County coal area for months. And he sent state troops into Vigo County when the Columbian Enameling and Stamping Mill men (A. F. of L.) struck in the summer of 1935. The company had brought in five dozen armed guards, and every union in Terre Haute had gone out in sympathy, but it was a peaceful general strike that lasted barely two days. Nevertheless, McNutt called out the troops. Maybe it is true that the sheriff hysterically asked for them, maybe it is true that even one or two labor leaders of Terre Haute—there are some queer labor leaders in the A. F. of L.—thought he ought to call out the troops. The workers of Terre Haute don't know anything about these technical details. They know that kids with bayonets wouldn't let them picket, that their leaders and helpers were jailed and kept incommunicado by orders of the military in spite of the Indiana constitution, that they weren't allowed to hold meetings on the courthouse steps or anywhere else for quite a while, that strike-breakers went to work with passes countersigned by the military, that all this was by McNutt's orders.

The labor leaders of Indiana are cautious about their political utterances. But there is scarcely one who will not tell you he likes Cliff Townsend, Indiana's present governor, better than Paul McNutt, and would prefer to see Townsend make a bid in 1940. Townsend, however, was picked by McNutt to be his successor, and ties of personal and party loyalty restrain any such move. Sherman Minton, a 100 per cent New Dealer, is for McNutt for much the same reason: McNutt made him senator in 1934, and they are old Legion buddies. Of potential rivals for power within the Indiana Democratic machine there are now none that count. McNutt has broken or brought to heel men like Earl Peters and Pleas Greenlea, who tried to buck him. He is extremely powerful and has already won pledges of support from a number of Southern and Southwestern governors. He will be a genuine danger in 1940—if Roosevelt does not run again.

In the Wind

CROSS-COUNTRY: The man who has encouraged the anti-C. I. O. police terror in New Orleans—Mayor Robert Maestri—is being quietly groomed by the Long machine as Louisiana's next governor. . . . The renewed outbreak of the labor controversy at *Ken-Esquire-Coronet* has its lighter aspects. Aside from the firing of five union members, another, who was assistant production manager for all three magazines, is now dusting plates—and has been dismissed from his post as pitcher on the office baseball team. . . . The national news service for Catholic weeklies recently carried a highly colored story of a pro-Loyalist meeting at Madison Square Garden. It reported that the crowd sang the Internationale with Stanley M. Isaacs, Bishop McConnell, Professor Cannon of Harvard, and others joining in. But two weeks later the same service admitted that the report, which had been widely published, was untrue, that it represented a reporter's imagination. . . . Chief New Moon, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, addressed the Fourth of July meeting of the German-American Bund at Camp Nordland in New Jersey. He urged a united front of American Indians and German Nazis to "drive out the reds" from the United States. . . . Commenting on a series of pro-labor resolutions introduced by Morris Iushewitz at the Newspaper Guild convention, the Chattanooga *Free Press* observed: "His name *would* end with 'witz' or 'ski.'" . . . An anti-handbill ordinance has been passed in Paterson, New Jersey. Newspapers refused to report it and the city editor of the Paterson *Call* is said to have told a spokesman for Labor's Non-Partisan League: "We haven't heard of the ordinance, we don't want to hear of it, and we are not going to print anything about it."

AROUND-THE-WORLD: Each week Japanese soldiers in China are provided with mimeographed postcards reading: "I am fine, the war is splendid, I will be home soon." All they have to do is fill in name, date, front, and mail them home. . . . Ever since Sir Robert Vansittart was kicked upstairs to the ambiguous post of Diplomatic Advisor to the Foreign Office, his enmity to Chamberlain has grown. Returning to London recently, he was informed of a new Franco attack on British ships. "Thank God," said Sir Robert. . . . A bill was to be introduced into the Norwegian Parliament discriminating against the Communists. It needed the consent of the King. He refused it, explaining: "No, I am also the king of the Communists." . . . Although Guadalajara is famous in recent military history as the scene of the worst Italian rout in Spain, the chief of the general staff of Italian militia at home recently proclaimed the "military glories" of "Malaga, Bilbao, Santander, and Guadalajara." . . . The Japanese press recently quoted Major General James G. Harbord—now on the retired list of the United States army—as urging foreigners to "withhold judgment on Japan's policies for the time being."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE recent success of Gerald P. Nye in his battle for renomination as Senator from North Dakota ought to be a cause of widespread rejoicing. I know that he is not popular with those liberals who regard him as a dangerous isolationist and are opposed to the present Neutrality Law. Munitions makers and big businessmen generally have disliked and distrusted him for some time. Still it seems to me that if he had been defeated it would have been a grievous loss to public life, and I believe that I should be saying this very thing even if my views on international affairs were diametrically opposed to his. For he is clean, honorable, and independent, and he has steadily grown intellectually since he first came from North Dakota, a callow and inexperienced young newspaper editor, on November 14, 1925, as senator by appointment of the governor of his state. He has now served two full terms in addition to his interim year. What makes his success in the primary election especially gratifying is that he defeated the present governor, William Langer, who has been the stormy petrel of North Dakota politics—to put it as politely as possible. Many friends all over the country rallied to Senator Nye's support and it is to be hoped that their interest will not flag until election day, for it is not yet certain that he will be elected in November with Farmer-Laborites and Democrats against him. However anyone may differ on policies with Gerald Nye, it should never be forgotten that he is a true progressive and at heart a New Dealer.

In Texas Maury Maverick again has a fight for reelection on his hands. His loss to the House would be a great one, for in two terms he has made himself an outstanding figure in that body—in itself a rare achievement entirely aside from the policies that he has advocated. He has been an ardent supporter of the President, but never a blind follower. He was of the small group of congressmen who, when the Neutrality Law was being passed, went to the President and told him frankly that they disagreed with him and proposed to tie his hands as far as possible, but that that had no reference to Mr. Roosevelt himself and only to their fear of unknown future chief executives. I have found myself in disagreement with Maury Maverick on several occasions, but that does not blind me to the fact that he is an outstanding legislator, high-minded, courageous, and a remarkably able and engaging speaker. Here, too, it may be added that there are too few of his type in Washington.

In Connecticut it would be a misfortune if anything should happen to Representative Herman P. Koppleman of Hartford. He has been a member of Congress since 1933 and has given increasingly useful service, notably to the cause of peace. I cannot believe that Hartford will fail to return so excellent a public servant. Indeed, the situation in Connecticut is such that neither President Roosevelt nor Jim Farley need lose a minute's sleep. So far the Republican organization is so lifeless and uninterested in the coming election that it looks as if the leaders were deliberately intending to allow it to go by default. This is the more surprising because of the indictment of the lieutenant governor of the state, who is also mayor of Waterbury, and several members of the city government and of the legislature. The explanation probably is that the Republicans are aware that the President's hold upon labor and the masses of the people is not seriously shaken, that a clear majority of the people of Connecticut still favor the New Deal. Even so, that is not an excuse for the party's failure to put up a fight. If it is sincere in its assertion that the country is going to the dogs and that we are headed for a Roosevelt dictatorship, it certainly ought to be fighting as never before.

The same thing is true of the Republican Party elsewhere. If it really hopes to recapture the White House in 1940 it ought to be putting up a wonderful show this year. It is not, and the reason is simple—that the Republicans are without brains, without leaders, without a program. The oratory of Hoover, Landon, and Vandenberg might just as well be suppressed for all the good that it does; it is not changing a vote. The solemn ponderings of Glenn Frank's program committee will, I venture to prophesy, produce nothing to strike a single spark. It is probable that in the nature of things the Republicans will gain a number of seats, but I shall be very much surprised if the Democratic loss goes above seventy-five, and that is a high figure. All my contacts and my correspondence from various parts of the country produce the same reports—that labor and the plain people, while admitting that Roosevelt has made serious mistakes, are unshaken in their support of him. In Boston the other day I met a veteran political observer, a Republican Party leader, who told me that he would not be at all surprised if the Maine Democrats should elect their governor. It is no wonder that Mr. Roosevelt's smile is as cheery as ever.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Unto Downing Street

UNTO CAESAR. By F. A. Voigt. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

F. A. VOIGT, author of the first serious biography of Hindenburg, was for a long time European correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*. He lived in Russia and Turkey and, later, spent many years in Germany, leaving shortly after the advent of Hitler. He ran all the risks of a courageous reporter in troubled times—twice arrested, almost lynched, once very nearly executed. As one of the ablest and most learned newspapermen England ever sent to the Continent, he knows the whole peninsula from one end to the other, its peoples, its personalities, its economics and culture, its literature and history as far back as Greece and Rome. He has seen, read, and written, honestly and ably. Today as the foreign affairs editor of the Manchester *Guardian* and "diplomatic correspondent" of that great liberal paper he holds one of the most important positions in world journalism. His point of view and his opinions are not merely personal ones, or he would not be where he is today; he has become in the course of his job the unofficial spokesman of Downing Street, and his political confession is the most enlightened statement of Chamberlain's policy yet to appear in print. It is also something more human—the philosophical argument of a tortured and disillusioned contemporary of modern barbarism who finds his relief in patriotic courage.

F. A. Voigt set out to find the source of all evil, and here he presents his findings. Here are no warmed-over interviews but earnest examinations of the principal isms of today, the two "secular religions," Marxism and National Socialism. Their origin, growth, the defeat of the one, the seeming victory of the other, are analyzed after a fashion; the actual political consequences of both are explored. The opening paragraph dashes right into *medias res:*

> Lenin held that every revolutionary movement must have a "revolutionary theory." He held that Marxian "theory" not only serves a revolutionary purpose as no other theory can, but that it is "true" by every philosophical, scientific, and "objective" test. But if we examine the Marxian "theory," we find it is not a theory at all, or even a hypothesis. It has no philosophical or scientific validity whatever and breaks down under every "objective" test. It is a myth, or, to give modern myths their modern name, an "ideology."

But there is not a dull page in the 239. And fifty-three pages of notes—illuminating quotations, remarks, historical dates—enable the reader conveniently to trace many an argument to the starting point of the author.

I have not space to follow Mr. Voigt's reasoning in detail. His main thesis is that every attempt to create the Kingdom of Heaven on earth will produce and end in disaster. There are no ready-made solutions for human problems. Marxism and National Socialism are not simply similar, they are identical: "Marxism has led to fascism and National Socialism because, in all essentials, it *is* fascism and National Socialism." Both are shallow, earthly, arrogant, and bloody. Their hybrid threatens England's spiritual life. Tradition, careful pragmatic advance, humility before destiny, respect for the individual—and do not render unto Caesar the things which are God's! If you want peace, prepare for war. Armaments are the condition, not of war, but of peace. War would still be possible without weapons. (Or as a Nazi paper once wrote: "We can accept general disarmament; then we could strangle the French with our naked hands.") As few commitments for England as possible. The German problem cannot be solved, only dealt with—"take all the naval, military, aerial, and diplomatic precautions needed to avert the dangers which the problem contains." The interests of America and England are too different to allow a "universal cooperation," but the ideal English policy would be symbolized by a triangle: London, Washington, Geneva (with a reformed League, a clearing-house for all international disputes, which would go on even when war has broken out). The foundation of a Pax Europaica can only be "a political balance between England, France, and Germany" and "an inner harmony between their civilizations." This harmony cannot be achieved "without a renewal of the heritage that has come down from Athens, Rome, and Jerusalem." Germany, France, and England must undergo a spiritual change —the secular religion of Marxism and fascism, though it has not yet taken political form in Western Europe, has "deeply eaten" into Western civilization. If this tendency is not checked, it will mean the beginning of the end. Pursue a a plurality of ideals, not a totalitarian one! England, be strong, or the Third Reich will be to you what Sparta was to Athens: the fate of the Athenians will be yours! On this note the book ends.

I have read "Unto Caesar" twice. It contains a great deal of excellent criticism of the course that political Marxism has taken in Germany and Russia—and quite as much exaggeration and misunderstanding. Mr. Voigt's portrait of Hitler is the best of the hundreds I have seen; his psychological interpretation of "Mein Kampf" is masterly; his discussion of the Covenant of the League and the doctrine of sanctions is most realistic; there is a frank analysis of England's vulnerable position as the only great power which extends through the whole world. Yet the more I liked the book in detail the more I was disappointed by the whole. A great many partial truths only add up to a great zero. The preservation of the status quo and the return to the ideals of yesterday are no program in a rapidly changing world. And when my house is being bombed and my children are being slain I don't like to engage in argument *sub specie aeternitatis* in order to forget all about British imperialism. One can easily agree not to render unto Caesar the things which are God's and still believe that the abundance of this earth is capable of being distributed justly, that it will be possible for man to abolish poverty and exploitation. To see this task as the next step and the only way out of the impasse into which modern industrial society has got itself is no mere secular

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banality. I have no fear that the great metaphysical problem which the author calls God will be neglected. Sometimes, and in the wrong places, there seems to be too much concern about it. F. A. Voigt's philosophy, which will earn much applause from some quarters, is nothing else than the truly secular religion of the satisfied who are not in the least inhibited by the subtle metaphysical considerations of those who write in their behalf. They have built a kingdom of heaven on earth—for themselves. Whether the author of "Unto Caesar" knows it or not, he is only defending their privileges and cruel methods.

The unofficial spokesman of Downing Street is brilliant, but the thinker should not render himself unto the ruling class. Not to mention the disappointed philosopher who says: "My country, right or wrong."

FRANZ HOELLERING

Day of Victory

A DAY OF BATTLE. By Vincent Sheean. Doubleday Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE plan of this book is clever and in it Vincent Sheean has written his best fiction. Its title is precise. The story is concerned with the day of the battle of Fontenoy in 1745, a French victory which seemed to reverse the development of history, but not for long. Vincent Sheean's purpose is clear: he is indicating, in this exciting story, that a victory may not be permanent for the conservative forces that win it. France, already weakened by corruption within and by colonization of countries she could not hold, was to be, in the long run, no match for England. The moral for our day is obvious, and Sheean has Voltaire, the cynic, point it.

The book keeps our interest largely, however, not for its message, but because of its scenes of action vividly and clearly unrolled. Even more, it is interesting for its portraits. We get a picture of mass movements here through the eyes of individual leaders to whom we are introduced and concerning whom we learn much in the first chapters. Dillon and Lally command the Irish brigades, Lord John Drummond the Scotch; all are fighting, in truth, not so much for France as for the restoration of the Stuart line in England. Lord Clare, who remained Catholic, an English exile, fights for Rome. Eugene de Mézières, Catholic and Jacobite, English and French both, is another commander with mixed interests.

But the greatest portrait in the book is that of Maurice de Saxe, the commanding Marshal. Swollen with dropsy, he directs the whole army from a wicker basket hitched to horses. Born a bastard of the old King Augustus, he had fought his way to position after his father had bought him a regiment in France and settled him in the French service. He had the King's confidence, but he was hated by the French nobility, some of whom were with him on the field. Richelieu, the dandy, was there, and the Marquis d'Argenson, Minister of Foreign Affairs, cynical of the outcome even with victory. And the King had come to see the battle too, quite contrary to his custom and against the Marshal's wishes, because his mistress, Mme. le Normant d'Etoiles, soon to be officially Marquise de Pompadour, wished him brave. In the end the Marshal commands them all, even the King, whom he will not allow to retreat, when defeat seems at all possible, for fear of breaking the morale of the army.

The scene of the book shifts only once from the battle—in those chapters devoted to the King's mistress and to Voltaire, her visitor, who has finally, through her, won the power he has long desired. Vincent Sheean's capacity as a novelist is shown chiefly by his ability to keep our interest in the action through our interest and knowledge of the leaders of the various regiments. Perhaps he learned from Malraux that mass action can be made interesting only when we understand the psychology and motivation of the leaders.

In the end when victory is won, d'Argenson and Richelieu think: "I really must find time to write to M. de Voltaire this evening." Maurice de Saxe thinks: "They will all be writing off to Voltaire and the rest of them as quickly as they can to claim the victory I have won; there will be Te Deums in the churches and there will be poems in the streets; but it is my victory and I know that in the end it must be known for what it is. Meantime there is work to do."

EDA LOU WALTON

Spain: Preludes to Civil War

THE POLITICS OF MODERN SPAIN. By Frank Manuel. McGraw-Hill. $1.50.

THE MARTYRDOM OF SPAIN. By Alfred Mendizabal. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

IT WAS a famous delver into the causes (and the hypothetical cures) of wars who said recently, "I am still looking for the book that will tell me all about why that tragic mess in Spain had to happen. If you find it I wish you'd send it to me." Unfortunately that book has not yet been printed. At the present time, and for many years hereafter, the best that anyone who wants to know "all about" the causes and the progress of the Spanish war can do is to collect a whole shelf full of books and from their fragmentary and biased pages piece the version that seems closest to a truth he can accept.

Two recent volumes deserve prominent place on that shelf. One is a compact and informed résumé, written against a short nineteenth-century background, of what happened during the World War, the Primo de Rivera dictatorship, and the republic, to bring about the civil phases of the present war. The other is a detailed and very valuable account of certain forces that were at work from 1923 to 1936, speaking with particular authority about those that were conservative and Catholic.

The first book was written by a sometime instructor in Harvard University, who is now active in workers' education. Dr. Manuel's "Politics of Modern Spain" is competent and obviously intended to be well balanced. That his sympathies are with the aims of the republic, rather than with the generals who revolted against it, means merely that his viewpoint is, for want of a better word, liberal. This does not prevent him from severely criticizing what he considers weakness or stupidity, or both, on the part of the men who were in control of opinion or of policies. He is particularly bitter against the harm wrought by intra-party fights whose chief effect was to strengthen the hand of the enemy, and against the intellectuals who helped to bring the republic into being—a class,

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it might be pointed out, to which Dr. Manuel belongs by training if not by predilection.

In spite of this anti-intellectual bias, students of political detail, or partisans of one leftist sect or another, will have difficulty pigeon-holing Dr. Manuel. His final judgment is that "the republic still represents the belief in the power of reason to order life and a desire to improve the physical and spiritual well-being of the entire people. . . . To millions of Spaniards the republic means life. To them Franco's regime is symbolized by the armless, eyeless General Astray shouting in his madness, 'Down with Intelligence! Long live Death!' "

"The Martyrdom of Spain" is at once more detailed in its treatment of the shorter period it covers and less clear-cut. Alfred Mendizabal is professor of international law at the University of Oviedo and secretary in Spain for the Catholic Union of International Studies. Perhaps for that very reason his intended impartialities and balanced judgments have about them a certain magisterial fogginess which sometimes leaves the reader wondering just what he means to say.

But if his book, with its somewhat Olympian manner of censure to left and right, will please neither the pro-government nor the pro-Franco sympathizers in this country, that does not detract from its exceeding importance. Professor Mendizabal writes as a Catholic whose testimony Catholics in this country cannot afford to disregard. Eyewitness to some of the events he describes, participant in others, he may be argued with, but he cannot be ignored. In view of his recognized position in church circles, it is not possible to dismiss him as "not really a Catholic." Whoever tries to do that must also manage to dismiss Jacques Maritain, professor of philosophy at the Institut Catholique in Paris and one of the most highly regarded of modern Catholic writers, who acts as his admiring sponsor in a lengthy introduction.

Only in one section does he fail his interested reader. As professor at the University of Oviedo he should have important things to say about the long and cruel process of "mopping up" after the abortive revolt of October, 1934. Yet, though he was on the spot, he contents himself with a chapter containing a first-hand description of what he calls the "Nine Red Days in the Asturias" (during which he himself was treated with complete courtesy and consideration) and a single page of protest against the long months of repression which followed, "ferocious in its military phase, iniquitous in its legal phase . . . a model of what an error in judgment should be." Frank Manuel, who was merely an inquiring visitor after the event, does better than this by one of the bloodiest stories of these recent bloody times.

But if Professor Mendizabal's readers must regret his omissions on the dreadful workings of military terror in the Asturias they have reason to be very grateful to him for his valuable analysis of the controversial and divided Catholic position. Particularly important to American readers, who have had all too little information on the subject, are his descriptions of the founding of the Phalanx—which he calls "a new sort of heresy concealing itself behind Catholicism" —and the machinations of the CEDA, whose attitude he describes as "indeterminate, confused," and "in a perpetual equivocation."

If these seem strange utterances for a Catholic it is only because the hierarchy in the United States has managed until very recently to present a picture of the church as unanimous in its support of General Franco—a picture which in no way accords with the actuality in Spain. Professor Mendizabal's book, bulwarked as it is with M. Maritain's scholarly and most Catholic preface, acts as a powerful corrective to an attitude which has misled members of Congress as well as private citizens, in and out of the church, and which has had a very questionable influence on details of our foreign policy.

MILDRED ADAMS

A Personal History

THE FISHMANS. By H. W. Katz. The Viking Press. $2.50.

IT IS at once evident that this story of a Jewish family in pre-war Austria, which was awarded the Heinrich Heine prize by a jury of leading writers, was written out of the author's own anguished experience. Born in Galicia at the time when the Russian pogroms at the turn of the century cast their ominous shadow over the whole of Eastern Europe, made acutely aware during his earliest years of the wretchedness of the Jewish lot, orphaned and a hapless war refugee at the age of eight, making his way rapidly in post-war Germany until he became the youngest editor of the important weekly, *Welt am Montag,* only again to find himself a penniless refugee with the advent of Hitler's Third Reich—Mr. Katz could not but weave this background into his first novel. It is equally obvious, however, that he possesses the touchstone of the born story teller. Writing now with infectious mirth, now with an unsparing acuity that stabs to the heart, he develops his narrative with remarkable skill. Even his minor characters are realized, while Yossel Fishman and his wife Leah, presumably the author's own parents, are memorable. A timid, plodding peddler, accepting the slurs and insults of his peasant customers with meek acquiescence, Yossel nevertheless reveals in moments of crisis extraordinary daring and resoluteness; and the self-effacing Leah, forced during the war to undergo the horror and hunger of the outcast refugee, literally drives herself to death to provide for her two young children.

The deeper purpose of the book is not so much to tell the story of a few individuals pursued by an unkind fate as to pose the problem of the Jews as a people persecuted and perplexed. The author, highly sensitive and gifted with poetic insight, has himself suffered the shame and torment of Jew-baiting. Writing of his childhood years immediately prior to the World War, yet conscious of the aggravated anti-Semitism of the present and of his own precarious existence as a refugee in Paris, he makes painfully clear that his fellow Jews were even then not only despised but despoiled.

As an artist he has no solution to offer. He merely depicts what his imaginative eye has seen. He shows that the present masses, inflamed against their Jewish neighbors by unscrupulous demagogues, would as soon kill them off as not; that the Jews themselves, restricted for the most part to the "no-man's land of the middleman," persist in living under circumstances which would long ago have obliterated a less stubborn people. Merely by presenting this aggravated racial problem, however, he has done his full share in rousing the conscience of mankind.

CHARLES MADISON

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The Decline of the West

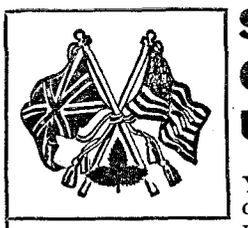
HARRY PICKERING. By Robert E. McClure. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WHAT HATH A MAN? By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE era of capitalistic expansion which extended from the latter part of the nineteenth century into the early years of the twentieth held different implications so far as England and America—two of the leading world powers—were concerned. In England, it was an era of colonization; in America, one of large-scale industrial activity. What these differences amounted to, in regard to the ideology of the two nations, is already well known: we should expect to find some dissimilarity between the two types of bourgeois youth—British and American—who grew to manhood during these vigorous, optimistic yet spiritually barren years. These two novels deal, respectively, with an American and an Englishman of the period: psychologically, these characters are as different as any two members of the same class and very nearly the same generation can be. Yet the reader is impressed with a single point of resemblance between them: the lives of both, in a society founded on significant effort and practical achievement, are conspicuously lacking in accomplishment and devoid of effort in any significant direction.

Harry Pickering, the hero of Mr. McClure's novel, is a true child of American materialism. Born at the beginning of the century, the son of a millionaire automobile manufacturer, Harry grew up in a world the values of which were based wholly on pecuniary emulation, and from which almost every form of struggle and personal responsibility had been eliminated. He spent two profitless years at Yale: at the end of the first he flunked out; before the end of the second he left of his own accord—because he was losing interest in his studies and because of his fear of becoming involved with a cafe dancer. His life thereafter was a continual round of drinking parties and love affairs, interrupted by futile attempts to manage his father's plant and by two marriages which ended in complete failure.

In Henry Ormandy, the English hero of Mrs. Millin's novel, we have a glimpse of the frustrated idealism, the ineffectual groping for values which characterized the more sensitive types of British youth at a time when neither the songs of Kipling nor the fiery speeches of Cecil Rhodes could wholly conceal the lust for gain and power at the root of imperial conquest. Born toward the close of the Victorian period, and in constant touch with the patriotic fervor that was ushering in the new era, Henry grew up with an intense desire "to do good in the world"—a desire which throughout his life he was unable to realize. Like Henry Pickering, he was reared in an atmosphere of upper-class comfort which tended to atrophy his best impulses. As a young man, he was sufficiently inspired by Cecil Rhodes's speech to the youth of England to go to South Africa and take his place as one of the builders of Empire. When he got to Rhodesia, he was appalled by the brutality of his fellow-officials toward the vanquished blacks—but he lacked both the courage and the energy to do very much about this situation beyond the performance of a few individual acts of kindness toward his own native body-servants. He possessed all the idealism which



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Harry lacked; but he was himself pitifully lacking in the vital force necessary to the realization of his ideals—and he could not, moreover, find a positive frame for them in any of the institutions and activities of the world around him.

In any comparison between these two novels, on the score of technical skill and imaginative content, it will appear that Mrs. Millin is undeniably the better writer. Her firm grasp of her subject and the insight with which she develops it are evidences of a mature and subtle mind. Beside her careful and delicately shaded portrait of Henry Ormandy, Mr. McClure's study of a rich man's son has the quality of a rough and oversimplified sketch. Yet she seems to be too little aware of her leading character in his relation to the social forces of his time: she is concerned with him purely as an individual. Mr. McClure, on the other hand, is very well aware of Harry Pickering as a product of his class and generation; for this reason alone, his hero is a more solid—and even at times a more convincing—figure than Henry Ormandy. Mrs. Millin has written a better novel; but Mr. McClure has produced a more significant document.

HELEN NEVILLE

RECORDS

COLUMBIA'S new set of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony (three records, $5) offers a superb performance by Beecham with the London Philharmonic—one that is sensitively phrased without fussiness, powerful on occasion without overemphasis, and beautifully realized in orchestral terms. To say that one hears these things and almost none of the shrillness of some previous Beecham items is to characterize the quality of the recording sufficiently. Will English Columbia now give us a Beecham recording of the great C major Symphony of Schubert, of which we are in much greater need?

The same qualities of performance and recording are heard in Beecham's new version of the three excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" (two records, $3.25), and make it astoundingly superior to Koussevitzky's of a year or so ago. Also in his single ($1.50) of Sibelius's "Finlandia"; though I must add that the first side sounds clear at the beginning but gets gritty at the end. This is true of many—but not of all—Columbia records (and increasingly of Victor records, but also not of all). Sometimes, as in the case of the Schubert Unfinished, the sound gets clearer as the loose residue is dug out of the grooves; but with no amount of playing could I get clear reproduction from the end of the first "Finlandia" side, or from the ends of certain sides in the recent Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto.

Other Columbia releases include Mozart's powerful Piano Sonata K. 457 (two records, $3.25), which loses some of its power in Gieseking's sensitive performance; Dvorak's melodious "American" Quartet (three records, $5), excellently done by the Roth String Quartet; and Beethoven's "Leonore" No. 2 Overture (two records, $3.25), which you can afford to do without, well played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Weingartner, and well recorded.

Beecham also has made the recording of Sibelius's Fourth Symphony, "Lemminkäinen's Homeward Journey," and incidental music for "The Tempest" in the fifth volume of the Sibelius Society (seven records, $10.50) that Victor has released here (again without the booklet that accompanied the original subscription set in England). Considering what happened with Gershwin, or what is happening right now with Benny Goodman, one should not be surprised by the nonsense about Sibelius. And yet, rehearing the Fourth Symphony after two years I could not help being surprised; for the work so obviously carries within itself the refutation of all the hokum about it, which is based on the hokum in it: those explosive snorts of the brass, those drumrolls, those wild cries of the woodwinds, which so obviously haven't the deep significance they pretend to; that abrupt ending of the second movement, which is so ostentatious a gesture of strict matter-of-factness and unpretentiousness; that lush theme of the third movement, in its last statement, which so devastatingly reveals Sibelius's craving for champagne, while with the strangely meandering woodwinds and other such "starknesses" he pretends to a stern addiction to clear, cold water. I am not saying that the champagne is wrong, but on the contrary that it is the thing to enjoy in Sibelius, that there is less of it to enjoy in this symphony than in the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh, and that this makes the Fourth inferior to them, not—as the Sibelius cultists would have it—the one that towers above the rest in massive strength.

The new set has the advantage over the old of enormously superior orchestral recording, and Beecham makes a better thing of the second movement than Stokowski. On the other hand, I prefer Stokowski's treatment of the first movement, because it does not attempt to inflate every mustard seed into a pumpkin; and the results, I think, justify his slowing down the end of the fourth movement rather than Beecham's adherence to the original tempo (Beecham's use of the glockenspiel in this movement is, however, an improvement over Stokowski's use of large bells). And one advantage of the old set is that it enables you to buy the symphony if you want that, without your having to take the other stuff that is in the new volume.

Of the three violin concertos recorded by Victor it is the one of which you might expect least that turns out to give most. Kreisler has not only reorchestrated the first movement of the Paganini D major but, I believe, cut it, and has made it into something very enjoyable. In addition, he plays it with excellent technique and musical taste; around his playing Ormandy builds with the Philadelphia Orchestra a fine-sounding and beautifully adjusted framework; and this remarkable ensemble performance is recorded in a way that I cannot recall having heard equaled for tonal beauty and balance between soloist and orchestra (two records, $4.50). The other two concertos—Prokofiev's new one in G minor (three records, $6.50), and the recently exhumed Schumann in D minor (3½ records, $7), I find negligible. They are well played—the one by Heifetz and the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky, the other by Menuhin and the New York Philharmonic under Barbirolli; as for recording, the Prokofiev sounds a little harsh, the Schumann decidedly so.

Ormandy's new set of Liszt's "Les Preludes" (two records, $4.50) is excellent.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Questions for Catholic Church Leaders

Dear Sirs: The undersigned are informed that Duncan McCrea, public prosecutor of Detroit, acting at the request of a member of the Detroit Council of Catholic Organizations, has recently acted to suppress Ernest Hemingway's novel "To Have and to Have Not" in the book stores and library of that city. We are further informed that the real reason for the suppression is Mr. Hemingway's known sympathy for the Spanish government in the civil war in Spain and his activity in securing ambulances for the service of the Spanish army and the bombed population.

We are of course unable to say whether the reason ascribed is the real reason, but the suppression takes place, not at the time of publication, but many months afterward, and there is nothing whatever in the book to justify the action. The novel in question is a serious work of art which no one who pretends to an understanding of contemporary culture in this country could leave unread. And the charge of obscenity is frivolous.

Under these circumstances the incident takes on a seriousness out of all proportion to the actual injury done Mr. Hemingway and the intelligent people of Detroit. The time has come, apparently, when citizens of this republic, concerned with the preservation of democratic institutions, must ask questions they have long been reluctant to ask: Does the Catholic Church in the United States accept as its spokesmen those who would align it with Franco and Hitler and Mussolini in Spain, and with the kind of war waged in Spain by Franco and Hitler and Mussolini? Does it accept as its representatives those who seek to use the political and commercial influence of the church against American writers who detest the cause of Franco and Hitler and Mussolini and their methods of warfare in Spain? Does it, in brief, accept as its spokesmen and representatives those who attempt to present the great social and political issue raised in Spain as a religious issue with the Catholic Church actively engaged as a contestant? Does it accept as its spokesmen and representatives those who attempt to raise that same religious issue in the United States?

No one questions the right of individuals, Catholic or otherwise, to prefer the fascists to the legally elected government of Spain; or to defend, if they so desire, the fascist terror in Teruel or the fascist bombing of Alicante. Such matters are matters of conscience to be decided by each man according to his humanity. What is questioned is the right of the Catholic Church, or of persons undertaking to speak in its behalf, to make of the Spanish issue, and of comparable issues in the United States, official religious issues to be decided on grounds of official religious belief.

We believe that we are neither impertinent nor ill-advised in suggesting that the time has come for responsible leaders of the Catholic Church in this country to make its position in this matter clear. So long as there remain citizens of this republic who believe that the establishment of liberty of conscience is an establishment worth preserving; so long as there remain citizens who believe that the true separation of church and state involves not only names but things, the questions will be questions which require answers. We put this with most cogent emphasis, not only as members of the League of American Writers but as individuals; not only as writers, but as American citizens.

VAN WYCK BROOKS
ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH
THORNTON WILDER

New York, July 1

[We are informed that the above letter was first submitted to the New York *Times*, whose correspondence editor refused to print it on the ground that he was under orders not to print letters on matters pending in the courts.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

In Behalf of Gov. Winship

Dear Sirs: In your issue of June 4 Mr. Villard, commenting upon the trial of individuals involved in rioting in a Puerto Rican city some years ago, correctly pointed out that the defendants were acquitted. He was mistaken, however, in saying that the police who used their weapons in the outbreak were not brought to trial and that Governor Blanton Winship was responsible for failure to prosecute the police. Governor Winship does not attempt to dictate to the insular courts. In the case under discussion acquittal of the civilians involved in the rioting was followed by a jury trial of one of the policemen. He was acquitted.

C. LEIGH STEVENSON
Division of Commerce
Government of Puerto Rico

San Juan, P. R., July 6

Boom for Florence Allen

Dear Sirs: A group of women, of whom I am one, feel that the death of Mr. Justice Cardozo gives the President a wonderful opportunity to appoint Judge Florence E. Allen to the Supreme Court. We know of no one, man or woman, who could better take up the work laid down by the late justice. We feel sure that the President would appreciate hearing from those people who endorse Judge Allen for the Supreme Court by reason of her ability, learning, and judicial attitude.

ELISABETH GILMAN

Baltimore, July 10

CONTRIBUTORS

FRANK C. HANIGHEN, co-author with H. C. Engelbrecht of "Merchants of Death," is now traveling and studying in Europe.

JOSEPH H. FRIEND is the former executive secretary of Labor's Non-Partisan League of Indiana.

FRANZ HOELLERING had a distinguished career in Berlin as editor of the *Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung* and of the Ullstein publications. He is now living in this country.

MILDRED ADAMS has studied Spanish affairs over a long period. She recently translated "Invertebrate Spain" by José Ortega y Gasset.

CHARLES MADISON is college editor of the textbook department of Henry Holt and Company.

HELEN NEVILLE contributes frequently to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

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